

The Historie

Prin. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

Po. Why, we wil set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to faile; and then wil they aduenture vpon the exploit themselves, which they shal haue no sooner atchieued but weele set vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horses, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our selues.

Po. Tut, our horses they shal not see, ile tie them in the wood, our vizards wee wil change after wee leaue them: and sirha, I haue cases of Buckrom for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they wil be too hard for vs.

Po. Wel, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred cowards as euer turnd backe: and for the third, if he fight longer then he sees reason, ile forswear armes. The vertue of this iest wil be the incomprehensible lies, that this same fat rogue wil tel vs when we meet at supper, how thirtie at least he fought with, what wardes, what blowes, what extremities he indured, and in the reproofe of this liues the iest.

Prin. Well, ile goe with thee, prouide vs all thinges necessarie, and meete me to mortow night in Eastcheape, there ile sup: farewell.

Po. Farewel my Lord.

Exit Paines.

Prin. I know you all, and wil a while vphold
The vnyokt humour of your idlenes,
Yet herein wil I imitate the sunne,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother vp his beautie from the world,
That when he please againe to be himselfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the soule and ougly mists
Of vapours, that did seeme to strangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holly-dayes,
To sport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they seldome come, they wisht for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents:
So when this loose behaiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promised,

By

of Henrie the fourth.

By how much better then my word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettall on a sullen ground,
My reformation glittering ore my fault,
Shal shew more goodly, and attract more eyes
Then that which hath no soile to set it off.
Ile so offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men thinke least I wil. *Exit.*

*Enter the King, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur,
sir Walter blunt, with others.*

King. My blood hath bin too colde and temperate,
Vnapt to stir at these indignities,
And you haue found me for accordingly
You tread vpon my patience, but be sure
I will from henceforth rather be my selfe
Mightie, and to be searde, then my condition
Which hath bin smooth as oile, soft as yong downe,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soule neare payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our house (my soueraigne liege) little deserues
The scourge of greatnes to be vsd on it,
And that same greatnesse to, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make so portly. *Nor.* My Lord.

King. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
Danger, and disobedience in thine eie:
O sir, your presence is too bold and percimptorie,
And Maiestie might neuer yet endure
The moodie frontier of a seruant browe,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs, when we need
Your vse and counsel we shall send for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to speake.

North. Yea my good Lord,
Those prisoners in your highnes name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke,
Were as he saies, not with such strength denied
As is deliuered to your maiestie.
Either enuie therefore, or misprision,
Is guiltie of this fault, and not my sonne.

B.ii.

Hotsp.